TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

In the Heart of a Storm.

"THERE was more excitement than dots and dashes on that trip," said the Rev. J. M. Bacon to a London Daily Mail representative, referring to a recent balloon voyage from Newbury, which ended at Savernake.

"The drenching which you anticipated came a few minutes after we began to see Newbury skidding away below us. Directly I had finished signalling to our friends at Newbury gas works I saw Hungerford looming in the distance, and at once began a message—'Bobs is coming'—as arranged.

"Before that message was half finished we found ourselves in the midst of a terrific hailstorm, which filled the paraphernalia inside the car.

"For the next half hour the scene was beyond description. Imagine yourself 2000 feet up in the air with a dense London fog all around. Through this fog imagine a score of snake-like lightning forks flashing past—all apparently aimed from an invisible battery of artillery somewhere above the dense gas bag which blotted out all chance of looking upward. With each flash came the report of a thunderclap.

"How soon, we thought, would a better aimed discharge hit the face of the big baloon and send us all like a pebble from a catapault back to earth? Fully ten minutes after entering the thundercloud not a word was spoken by the occupants of the car, the surroundings being too awesome for conversation.

"Mr. Spencer, the aeronaut, finally broke silence. 'We'd better get down out of this,' he said. It was the first intimation from official expert sources that our unspoken fears were scientifically warranted.

"'Cannot we get above that cloud?' said Admiral Fremantle, who, I must confess, seemed to be enjoying the excitement more than any one else. As he spoke a storm of fiery ribbons shivered around us. Mr. Spencer's judgment, however, was against attempting to penetrate further upward. 'We will be lucky if we can drop before passing over Savernake Forest,' he said, opeing the valve.

"With the abandonment of the trip of course all idea of further signaling to earth was out of the question. Indeed, it was more than doubtful to us whether anybody had even seen us after we left Newbury gas works. The only postcard we dropped at Hungerford appears to have been found, and the only bomb we exploded seems to have been unnoticed, except by our friends who saw us off. However, having decided to stop, it became a question of finding a favorable spot.

"Right in our track was Savernake Forest, about two miles wide, and extending ten miles each way to our right and left. Fortunately for us, Mr. Spencer discovered a clearing about 100 yards in circumference, into which we dropped with scarcely a mishap.

"'How did you manage to miss that lightning?' was the first salute we got from the countrymen who rushed to meet us. 'When we saw you in the midst of it it looked as if nothing could save you. You were just framed in lightning.'

"Mr. Percival Spencer, one of the most experienced aeronauts in England, declared that never had he been through such an ordeal. He has frequently ascended in thunderstorms and seen lightning playing around the balloon, but the terrifying experience of Friday surpassed anything he had seen."

Mr. Bacon is by no means disheartened at the result. "We will try again," he said, and his daughter, Miss Bacon, who had a fearful experience in a balloon trip last November, declared that next time she will go, too.

Buried Under a Snowslide.

Railways in the Rocky Mountains sometimes treat the workers along their course to adventures not readily forgotten. Such an adventure happened in December, 1892, and a worker on the line tells in Chambers's Journal how he and others raced with an avalanche. He had gone on a relief train to dig out a passenger train that was stuck in a snowdrift at Bear Creek, in the heart of the mountains. A little before noon the relief train started for the section house, backing down hill, the cars being pushed by the engine. The writer was riding on the engine.

Just before rounding the curve on the side of Mount Donnington the engineer pulled the whistle cord as usual. Perhaps it was that whistle that caused the mischief. At all events, something stirred the snow on the top of Mount Donnington, nearly a mile above the train.

At first the loosened mass was small, but it gathered force and volume, and swept downward like a torrent, some hundred yards wide and sixty feet deep, bringing with it rocks and trees, and coming straight for the train.

The men on the engine saw it, and the engineer threw the throttle wide open, putting on full steam in the hope of pushing his train past the worst of the slide. That act saved the lives of thirty men who were in the car farthest removed from the engine. The car was overturned, but no one was seriously hurt. The rest of the train did not fare so well. The writer says:

"A snowslide travels with a terrible roaring, hissing quickness, and in an instant the great wall of snow was upon us. As if we had been toys, our train and engine were swept off the rails, turned over and over, and buried fifty feet deep in hard packed snow.

"The fireman and I sat and watched the slide coming, but we could do nothing. Its front wave poured into the cab window, swept us through the window on the opposite side, and, incredible as it may seem, bore us on its crest some 200 or 400 feet into the river beneath the track.

"I knew nothing from the moment the slide struck us until I saw the fireman, with a bleeding face, bending over me and trying to drag me out of the snow. Both of us were badly cut by broken glass, and I had a scalded hand, caused, no doubt, by snatching at and breaking the gage glass as I was swept through the cab of the engine.

"The engineer and four other men were killed. Late that night, after much digging, their bodies were recovered, crushed out of all recognition, but the fireman and I were all right in a week or so."

Hot Race With a Grizzly.

W. H. Person, local manager of a local typewriter company, received a letter this morning from Tom Hamilton, postmaster at Hamilton, Routt County, describing a thrilling race with a bear which he enjoyed this week.

The bear was a big grizzly. The grizzly when he sees a human form is bound to do one of two things. He will either run at or away from the stranger, and if he does the former it is generally a case of doughnuts to pretzels that it is all off with the stranger. In this case the bear that runs at a man yearned for a close acquaintance with the postmaster and would probably have interfered seriously with the future delivery of the United States mail but for the fact that Hamilton is something of a rough rider and had a horse under him.

Postmaster Hamilton had for the time being left the affairs of state in the hands of a subordinate while he went out to round up some straying cattle. He went about three miles from home, and was standing beside his horse wondering which way to turn next when there was a stir in some brush ahead of him. It looked too small a disturbance for a cow, but he thought it might be a calf, and went forward to investigate. He was within a few feet of the brush when a big grizzly stood on its hind legs and threw him a kiss.

Hamilton didn't stop to catch the kiss, but made a bolt for his horse. The steed had seen Mr. Bear, and started away almost as eagerly as did his master, and it was nip and tuck for the saddle between bruin and the postmaster. After a run of 100 yards Hamilton caught the pommel of the saddle and threw himself aboard just as the bear made a bound for him. A pair of spurs went into the horse's hide, and the animal leaped forward with a bound which made the bear feel that his meal of man was about to escape. But he doubled himself up into a ball of fury and started redhot after his intended victim. The chase kept up until the door of the postmaster's cabin was reached, when bruin turned about and made for the woods. He was allowed to escape.—Denver Times.

Raced the Train Against Fire.

William S. Knight recently told a very strange story of a chair car in a Chicago Great Western Railroad train that was afire and full of passengers with the train at full speed. "It was one of the strangest things I ever experienced," said he, "and all the train men, including the superintendent of the road, were in a quandary to know the cause of the car's catching on fire. We were about seven miles from Des Moines when smoke was discovered curling out from under the middle of the first chair car. The fire was between the two floors of the car, and seemed to have spread toward both ends. It had not started near the wheels, for it was in the centre of the car, and that would do away with any theory of a hot box.

"Well, what to do was a little problem for the conductor of the train to solve. The fire could not be stopped without a hose and water power to throw the water back toward both ends of the car, and at that place in the fields there was no such conveniences. The fire had not yet eaten its way through the floor; so the passengers needed to have no fear. The engineer and conductor with a few passengers stood beside the car, undecided what to do. If the train remained there the coach must have necessarily been burned up, and would have 'laid out' the whole road.

"The conductor suddenly conceived a plan and immediately shouted 'All aboard! Shove her through to Des Moines at full speed, Tommy!' he yelled to the engineer, and Tommy, the large, chubby engineer, covered with grease and oil, waddled down to his engine as fast as his short legs would carry him. The conductor pulled the cord, Tommy pulled the throttle wide open and such a wild ride as we did have! It was a race to see which was the faster, the fire or the locomotive. The locomotive won, and when we reached Des Moines the fire had almost eaten through the floor of the coach. It was quickly extinguished by means of a hose attached to a water main, and we drew into the depot on time."—Kansas City Journal.

More living fish are sold in Berlin than in any other market in the world.

Talks About Womankind

Oblong Buttons of Dull Gold.

Oblong buttons of dull gold, or, more properly speaking, gilt, are useful to fasten the shirt waist of flannel or velveteen for morning wear. These are preferred to the round shapes.

For the Benefit of Poor Girls.

Sweet Briar, the home of Mrs. Indiana Williams, who died recently in Amherst County, Va., by the terms of her will is to be converted into an institution for the education of poor white girls. Mrs. Williams left the bulk of her estate of $500,000 for the maintenance of the institution.

Women Students in Austria.

The new college law in Austria admitting women as students at all colleges and universities is said to be causing some trouble. A medical professor of high rank in Vienna University, seeing a number of young women in his class, refused to go on with his lecture, saying that it had been prepared for men students. The girls were obliged to leave. In Graz the women students were hissed by the men when they appeared in the medical lecture hall, and many of them left the room crying.

Business Women and Marriage.

The marriage of the young society woman who turned dressmaker with such success, when her father failed a few years ago, brings up the old puzzle. With so many entirely inefficient women in the world who are longing and waiting for marriage, and nothing else, why should a perverse fate decree the marriage of one of the few efficient women? This particular case has its own significance because the woman whose efficiency marriage is to render null and void is at the head of a dressmaking establishment. Just think of the dearth of good dressmakers in New York City. Just think how badly establishments are needed with a woman at their head who, first of all, realizes what her patrons need, rather than what she needs herself! Because of the unwritten law among a large portion of society, that a woman, however successful, may not engage in a profession or occupation after marriage, the establisment of the society dressmaker about to wed is to be sold at a good round sum, making, in fact, a very comfortable dowry. "Do you know," a man once said to a woman who had earned some money and a little fame as a painter of miniatures, "I have about come to the conclusion," with one eye on the woman's smart hat and another on her irreproachable gloves, "that it would be a much better piece of business for me to marry a woman who could make money rather than one who simply had money? I've always had my eye out for an heiress, you know. But, after all, an heiress might lose her money; I might even become impoverished myself, and then where would we be? With a wife who could turn right in at any time and make money for us both, I should feel perfectly safe." The woman said that she was perfectly willing to accept the theory—as a theory. The personal application of it she was obliged to decline.—New York Sun.

Children's Dress.

Of course we want our children to be prettily dressed, but we must not forget that the primary requisites to be sought are comfort and convenience. Any omission to make the child comfortable causes an effect of ill-dressing. Any costume which impedes freedom of movement, or which weighs on the little mind as a thing to be taken great care of, is a mistake. Children are neither dolls nor dummies. They are human creatures, growing like sturdy weeds, and our chief desire should be to promote their healthful living and symmetrical growth. Babies and small girls and boys may be comfortably dressed and still be picturesque, but the latter quality must be incidentally merely. A boy hates long curls and velvet toggery and lace trimming, and no wonder. It is a positive sin to sacrifice a child's contentment to a mother's vanity, to spoil a sweet temper that people may exclaim at the childish beauty.

We Americans thrust our children too prominently into the foreground. A better ideal allows them to live away from the glare of publicity. Royal nurseries are a good example to plain republicans. No children are more simply brought up and more unobtrusively dressed than those of kings and queens.

Children's clothing should be of strong and good material to stand service. At this season it should be warm, the underwear well woven and fine, covering the body from neck to ankles. Shoes and stockings are costly, but expenses should be lavished on them and economy concentred elsewhere. In this way the sum total may be evened up. The better the shoe the longer it will last, the easier will be its repair. A very simply garbed child presents an attractive appearance if well shod. Feet which must serve their owner for a lifetime should not be distorted in childhood by misfits in boots and shoes, by footgear too long, too short, too narrow, too wide, or too anything it ought not to be.

Stockings, safer than socks in our climate for every child, should be of good quality, seamless and long, held in place by elastics fastened to the waist and. The color is a matter of choice. White stockings are again in vogue. Black is never out of fashion. Eccentricities are to be avoided, although for some styles of dress plaid stockings are suitable and pretty.

Every child should be taught to make a distinction between outdoor and indoor shoes. A schoolgirl or boy may demur at the trouble it causes to slip off the boots which have been used in walking and on the playground and to don a lighter pair for the home, but, once established as a custom, the effort will not be minded, and three good results will follow: the peace of the house will be greater in the lessening of noise, the children will be more comfortable, and the shoes will last longer.—Collier's Weekly.

Boudoir Chat:

Miss Ethel Mortlock, an Englishwoman, is engaged in painting a portrait of the Shah of Persia.

The widow of John C. Heenan, the pugilist, is still on the stage, where she is known as Miss Sara Stevens.

Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind, has been elected Vice-President of the freshman class of Radcliffe College, at Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Kate Pier and her three daughters compose a law firm in Milwaukee, Wis., and the mother and eldest daughter have recently been admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court.

Mrs. Edith Livingstone Peake, celebrated as the only woman evangelist of the United Presbyterian Church, who has been giving a series of sermons in Chicago, was formerly an actress of prominence.

There are nearly 400 women pharmacists in the United States. As dispensing clerks they make from $40 to $75 a month, and as chief pharmacists in large hospitals they have from $900 to $1200 a year.

A clever woman who lives in New York City has made her mark by taking out letters patent for more than thirty inventions. Upon the Patent Office record she ranks in the first hundred inventors of the United States.

Erika Paulas is only twenty-five years old, and yet she has been commissioned to build a hospital in Medlasch, Germany. She is the daughter of an engineer, and has already planned and erected several fine large buildings.

The Countess of Hopetoun, like her husband, the first Governor-General of the Australian commonwealth, belongs to Scotland. She is one of Lord Ventry's four daughters, and her mother was a daughter of Wauchope of Niddrie.

Christine Nilsson cherishes in a unique way mementoes of her triumphs on the musical stage. One of her rooms is papered with leaves of music taken from the various operas in which she has appeared, and another with receipted dinner checks and hotel bills made out in the name of the great singer during her professional wanderings.

Gleanings from the Shops

Red cloth leggins for children.

Girls' dresses in Russian blouse style.

Babies' bonnets of moire silk with chiffon.

Overcoats in the Russian style for small boys.

Ladies' patent leather shoes with red cloth tops.

Satin-finished broadcloth in all the new shades.

Fine imported ribbons at low prices, as a leader.

Very large double roses made of fine cloth of gold.

Side satchels of suede kid, embroidered in cut-steel beads.

New belt buckles in gun metal with French paste diamonds.

Automobile coats in three-quarter length, also full length.

Linen handkerchiefs of different plaids for golf costumes.

Persian trimming two inches wide embroidered with chenille.

Petticoats with stitched edge, to be worn with rainy-day skirts.

Little girls' coats of pink bengaline, with deep cape trimmed with Alencon lace.

White cloth waists trimmed with tiny gilt buttons and half-inch gold braid.

Very heavy white suede gloves, with two-button clasps, for outing purposes.

L'Aiglon hats—three-cornered affairs—trimmed with military braid, feathers and buckles.

Girdles—to be worn in place of corsets—of lace, with ribbon insertion and silk webbing.

Flannel shirt waists made with tucked front, French back and bishop sleeve, in all colors.

Gold and silver gauze, appliqued all over with fine threads and spangles of the corresponding metal.

Petticoats for negligee wear of silk crepe, with raffle of chiffon embroidered in violets in raised effect.

For the young misses, beautiful waists of flannel in small checks, plaids and embroidered figures.

Black velvet robes, appliqued with black silk cording; belt of black velvet ribbon, with gilt metal tabs.—Dry Goods Economist.

THE INCREASE IN SUICIDES.

Common to the Whole Civilized World—The Causes.

The decay of religious sentiment—which is to be observed in all those countries which are in the foremost rank as regards knowledge, and especially the growth of scientific knowledge—has perhaps conduced more to the spread of suicide than has any other single cause. That the decadence of orthodox belief is an important factor in the increase of self-murder is demonstrated in great cities like Paris, Berlin and Vienna, where agnosticism is rampant, and the greatest number of suicides occur.

Dr. Ireland traces the greater portion of the causes of suicide to severe strain upon the nervous system which may be at the outcome of a multiplicity of causes. Among these causes may be mentioned the increased strain of modern life upon the nervous system. The following are the mean annual rates per 1,000,000 population of some of the European countries: Saxony, 1861-70, suicides, 281; 1870-80, suicides, 325; 1881-84, suicides, 370; 1885-88, suicides, 323. In Denmark during the same periods, 283, 260, 249, 259. In France, 129, 161, 189, 212. In Prussia, 127, 153, 198, 20 In Belgium, 61, 81, 107, 116. In Sweden, 80, 86, 96, 110. In England and Wales, 66, 70, 74, 78. In Norway, 82, 70, 68, 66. Italy, 27, 37, 37, 48, 48. It will be observed that with the exception of Norway the suicide mortality has increased, and in most countries very considerably within recent years. The diminution in Norway is attributed, says the Nineteenth Century Review, to the energetic attack which the Norwegian Government has made on alcoholism. The same journal says that, in the case of Italy particularly, emigration accounts to some extent for the low rate prevailing there. It is evident that emigration provides an outlet for a great deal of misery and constitutes a hopeful alternative to suicide.

The rate of suicide mortality in the United States is 1 in 35,000. Dr. D. R. Dewey finds that in the New England States since 1860 suicide has increased about 35 per cent. In Massachusetts it has increased in thirty years, 1860-90, from 70 to 90 to the million living, and in Connecticut from 61 to 103 per million. A steady increase of self-destruction is common to the whole civilized world.—Medical Record.

WISE WORDS.

There is no policy like politeness.—Magoon.

Faithfulness is the soul of goodness.—J. S. White.

The truest self-respect is not to think of self.—Beecher.

Habit is too arbitrary a master for my liking.—Lavater.

No one knows what he can do until he tries.—Publius Syrus.

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.—Miguel De Cervantes.

Oh, how full of briers is this working-day world!—Shakespeare.

Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret.—Disraeli.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves.—William Pitt.

Disease generally begins the equality which death completes.—Johnson.

Keep the golden mean between saying too much and too little.—Publius Syrus.

The intellect is developed only for earthly things and by earthly things.—Du Prel.

A Remarkable Case.

There is a case in Atchison of a man falling in love with his wife. Shortly after their marriage, the wife discovered that "Home, Sweet Home," did not appeal to her husband and that he preferred the companionship of his men friends downtown, so set to work to win him. She did not try any of the recipes for winning a husband's love found in the women's papers, which are a mixture of pretty dresses, a smile and a kiss at the door upon the arrival of the victim; a kiss as he is about to leave after having eaten his supper (which is to be dainty, with a bunch of his favorite flowers in the middle of the table); she is also to go to the piano and win him back by singing the songs he admired during their courtship. The sensible Atchison woman discarded all such recipes. She said nothing about her husband's lack of appreciation, but simply put her shoulder to the wheel and helped him along. He was in debt. She was thrifty; he got out. She excelled in housekeeping. His meals are substantial and on time. She made his home so comfortable in an unobstrusive way that he now hates to leave it, and hurries back after business hours. The woman has one of the most devoted husbands in town. She does not brag of it, but just jogs along doing the things he likes.—Atchison Globe.

Suez Canal's Big Profits.

Fifty-seven out of every seventy-three tons of merchant shipping passing through the Suez canal are British, states Mr. Consul Cameron in his report for 1899 on Port Said and Suez. That year was one of unprecedented prosperity for the canal, the receipts exceeding 1898 by a quarter of a million pounds. Three thousand six hundred and seven vessels, with 221,000 passengers, and of an aggregate net tonnage of 9,895,000 tons, passed through. Some 10,000 American troops went via the canal to the Philippines, and 13,000 Spanish troops returned home.—London Express.

There were 7014 more marriages in Prussia last year than in 1899.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

The Decoration of Tea Tables.

The tables are rather difficult to decorate, as it has become the fashion to make a perfect mosaic of dishes over the entire surface. The most satisfactory manner is to fill long and slender shafts of glass with light and rather spreading flowers and insert these with a sort of method between the multifarious plates.

The large tea table is far prettier covered with a colored silk cloth than with plain white napery, which always gives one the feeling of a meal. Widths of the inexpensive china silk, joined by insertions of lace dyed to the tone of the silk chosen, and edged only with a deep hem, make lovely covers and should be selected in exactly the tones of the flowers to be used. An extremely simple manner of getting an effect also is to have all sweets and cakes iced and colored to match. This entails no more expense and gives a distinction to the very simplest table.

Washing Woolen Blankets.

After trying any number of different ways of washing woolens, in an effort to find one that would cleanse without shrinking them, the one here recommended has been used for several years with entire satisfaction; and as two members of our family wear all wool underwear the entire year, it has certainly been given a thorough trial.

By adhering to the simple rules here given, any grade of woolens can be cleansed without shrinking, but the rules are positively inviolable.

Provide a generous allowance of hot soft water, white castile, or other pure soap and borax.

Have the washing and rinsing waters of about the same degree of heat.

Make a good suds for the first water, but on no consideration rub soap on the soiled article itself. Have the water as hot as the hands can bear comfortably and allow one level teaspoonful of borax for every gallon of water. Immerse the clothes, and allow them to stand ten or fifteen minutes before washing; then work them up and down, squeeze, and if necessary rub with the hands, but never on a washboard.

The water must be squeezed, not twisted out, consequently a wringer is better than the hands.

Rinse through two waters, using a little less borax and no soap, but allowing the clothes to lie ten minutes in each, working them up and down and squeezing.

After wringing pull into shape and dry as quickly as possible, pulling out at least twice during the process of drying. Woolens must never be hung in a hot sun, nor out of doors in freezing winter. In winter, we dry ours on clothes-bars, standing the latter over a furnace register or near the kitchen range.

To my thinking, woolens have a fresher, sweeter odor without ironing. Smooth with the hands and fold neatly.

Never put woolen blankets in the general wash. Choose a dull, windy day if possible, and wash as above. The colored borders of blankets will sometimes fade, in spite of every precaution, but there is no excuse but ignorance or carelessness for their shrinking. Two persons are needed properly to pull a blanket into shape. Be careful not to stretch it when hanging over the line, and to pull into shape occasionally during the process of drying.—Katherine B. Johnson, in the Country Gentlemen.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Mushrooms on Toast—Select good-sized mushrooms, score the tops and season with a little salt and pepper; brush over with melted butter and arrange on a wire gridiron. Broil, and serve on thin slices of toast with melted butter and sliced lemon. Be sure you get mushrooms.

Orange Sandwich—Cut a sweet orange in round slices; lay a slice on a thin piece of slightly toasted bread, buttered; sprinkle with fine sugar and a goodly supply of grated cocoanut; pour on a few drops of vanila and put on the other side. Continue the process with as many as are wanted.

Mutton Sausages—One pint of cold mutton, one-third of a cup of suet, one anchovy, one-half of a pint of oysters. Mince the whole very fine. Season with one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and nutmeg, and two well-beaten eggs and five tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs. Mix well, roll into cakes and fry brown. Garnish with lettuce or parsley.

Caramel Fruit Feast—To one quart of hot milk add beaten yolks of eight eggs, one cupful of sugar, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of salt; cook in a double boiler till thick; chill, add one tablespoonful of caramel; place a layer of cooked Bartlett pears in deep dish, pour over the flour; beat whites stiff, add six tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Set on ice two hours and serve.

Smothered Chicken—Select a rather large, broiling chicken, single, split down the back. Spread it open, turning the tips of the wings under and crossing the legs. Put in a roasting pan, cover with four tablespoonfuls of butter, dust with salt and pepper, add four tablespoonfuls of boiling water, cover closely with a second pan, put in a hot oven and roast one hour. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.